

Shackles and Chains

by Julian Amsel

Category: Digimon
Language: English
Status: In-Progress
Published: 2000-06-27 08:00:00
Updated: 2000-06-27 08:00:00
Packaged: 2016-04-27 20:23:13
Rating: K+
Chapters: 1
Words: 1,173
Publisher: www.fanfiction.net
Summary: A cheezy poemfic about how Koushiro is chained to his computer. *blinky* This took me about five minutes to write.
Yeesh...

Shackles and Chains

> <meta name="Author"> shacklesandchains Author's note: Um... well..
I was playing around with a chain, and somehow I ended up thinking of
Koushiro, and how it seems like he's chained to his computer.. uh..
well, just read it and you'll get it. ^_^

"Shackles and Chains"

> <p>

Chains,
>Shackles 'n chains.
Chains,
>Shackles 'n chains. <p>

* We see Koushiro laying on his bed, asleep. It is the dark of night
and in the silence it becomes evident that he is having a nightmare.
On his desk his computer can be seen, its lit screen glowing eerily.*

Chains here
>Chains there
Chains engulfing me
>Chains all around me. <p>

*Something on the computer moves, and the screen glows brighter. In
the dim light, a thin gold chain can be seen slipping out of the disk
drive and slithering its way to Koushiro, much in the way a snake
would.*

Chained to my soul
>Shackled to my only hope
It's already too late,
>I can't break these chains. <p>

*We find ourselves in Koushiro's dream. It is about two years before

the Digital World, and we see him typing away at his laptop computer. There is a thin gold chain around his wrist which is connected to the computer, and yet it is transparent, as if it is not quite real yet. On the computer screen, we see what Koushiro has typed: "Why won't they tell me the truth?"*

Give in, give up,
>Nothing to believe in.
Deeper, sinking deeper
>Dragged down by these chains. <p>

It is a year later. The chain connecting Koushiro to his computer has now become completely solid, and the links are now larger, thicker, heavier. The chain is longer, and weighted down. Despite this, Koushiro grows even more attached to his computer, trying desperately to bury his sadness in the screen.

Chains,
>Shackles and chains.
I don't think I'll ever
>Have the strength to break these chains. <p>

Time moves on,
>Things change.
My burden becomes unbearable
>'cause I'm draggin' around these chains. <p>

We see Koushiro again, in the scene right at the beginning of "And So It Begins". He is inside fiddling with his computer, trying to ignore his friends who are calling him to come out. The chain has become even longer and he is obviously burdened by it, and yet it is invisible to everyone else

I would cry out but I won't,
>I would blame someone but I don't,
'cause the reason I carry
around these chains
>Is cause I used them to help ease my pains. <p>

It is night time in the Digital World. The Digi-Destined are asleep, except for Koushiro and Tentomon. Koushiro is on his computer yet again, his eyes glistening with unshed tears. Then, Tentomon speaks. "Koushiro, why do you have a chain wrapped around you? Isn't it painful?" At this question, Koushiro rips his gaze from the computer screen and stares at him in shock. Tentomon is the only one other than himself who can see the chain..

Every second spent hidden,
>Another link is added to my burden.
I carry it without
complaint,
>Though I wish I could break these chains. <p>

We see Koushiro messing with Tentomon's program, trying to make him digivolve. With every word he types, another chain is added to the link. He frowns and tries to rip the chains from his hands, but is unsuccessful

Chains,
>Shackles and chains.
I don't think I'll ever
>Have the strength to break these chains. <p>

My chains are wrapped around me,
>My shackles are tight on my wrists.
I try again to hide my
burden

>And only succeed in adding another link. <p>

The night is silent. In the light of the moon, Koushiro looks into a pool of water and ponders about what he has become. His gaze leaves the water to look at his wrists, which are bound with heavy gold shackles. Large gold chains are wrapped around his arms and small fine ones are twined around his hands and fingers so that they still allow movement, yet no skin can be seen. Koushiro swallows hard and looks at his computer, finally realizing why he carries these chains. He nods, as if accepting it.

Chains,

>Shackles and chains.
I don't think I'll ever
>Have the strength to break these chains. <p>

Shackles and chains,

>Burdens and pains,
It hurts more than anything
>But I'll never complain. <p>

*Again, it is night. Koushiro is working on his computer, even though he now knows that is the reason why he carries the chains. Tentomon is at his side, looking up at him with a sad expression. "Koushiro.. I know you know the computer is making you carry those chains. Why don't you stop?"

> Koushiro sighs, and turns his attention to the digimon. "There's more to it than the computer. The computer.. I use it to hide.... and as a result, it makes chains. I can't stop.. it just happens." He closes his eyes and turns away, trying to hold back tears.
 "Koushiro... I want to help you. Maybe if you tell me what's really hurting you, I'll be able to carry some of your chains."
> Koushiro swallows hard, thinking. He wants to say no, but somehow, he can't. "All right," he whispers, shutting off the computer. He takes a deep breath, then tells Tentomon what has been bothering him for so long.* <p>

Chains,

>Shackles and chains.
Maybe if I quit holding it in
>I'll finally be rid of these chains. <p>

*As Koushiro tells Tentomon of his pains, the chains which are wrapped around him loosen. The thin ones which are wrapped around his hands fall, and crumble into dust. Gradually the chains disappear until he is only left with the thin gold one he started with, which is wrapped loosely around his wrist and attached to the computer. Koushiro stares at that one chain in disbelief, until Tentomon reaches out and rips it from his wrist.
> "There... you're finally free."* <p>

Chains,

>Shackles and chain.
Maybe if I quit holding it in
>I'll finally be rid of these chains. <p>

*Koushiro wakes from his dream, eyes wide. It takes him a moment to realize that he is awake... he feels something cold touch his wrist and he glances down, just in time to see a fine gold chain wrap itself around his wrist. He quickly pulls it off and looks to his computer, and at the glowing screen. Carefully he walks over to it and turns it off, then looks at the disk drive, where the end of the chain is coming from. He tugs on the chain and pulls it completely out of the drive. Not wanting to take any chances, he opens the

window and throws the chain outside, glad that he's finally rid of it.*

End!

Author's notes: Okay, this is strange. *shakes head* Remind me to never write a poemfic again. Yeesh...

> <p>

End
file.